

INSPIRED BY HERGÉ

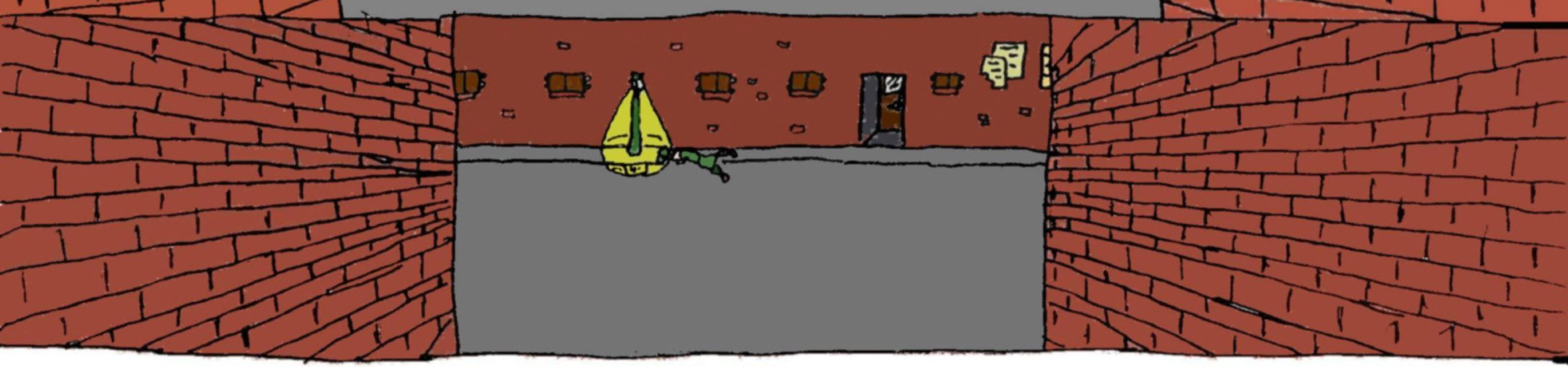
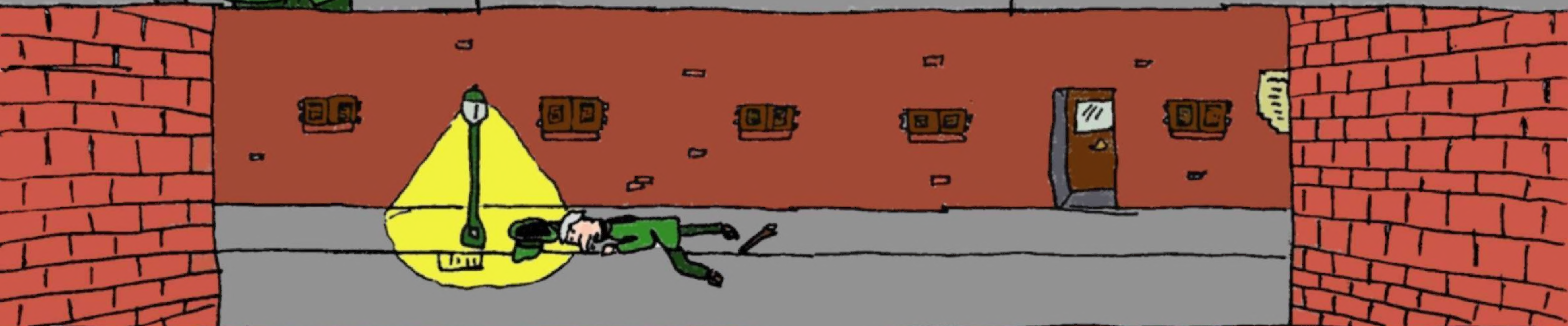
THE ADVENTURES OF TINTIN

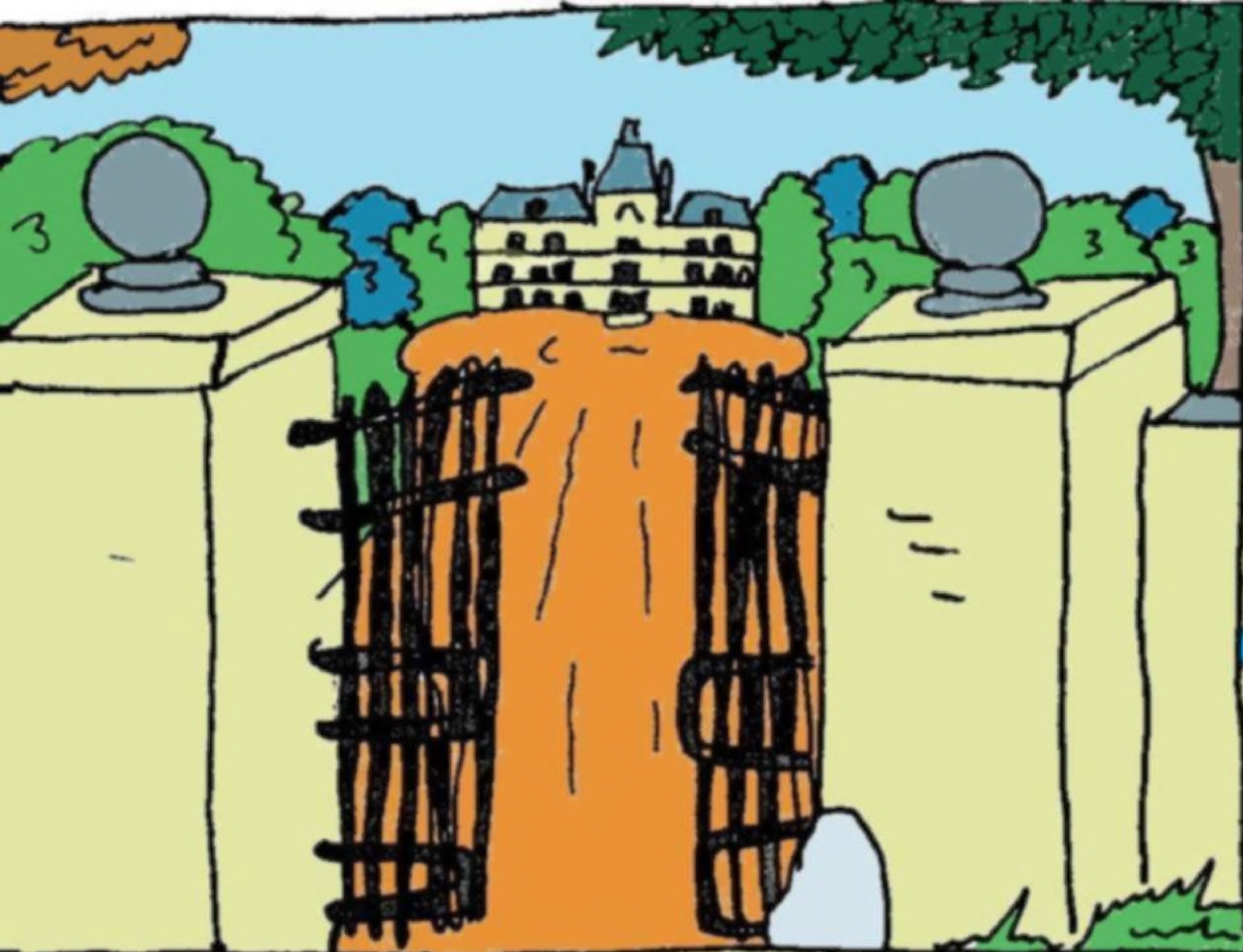
TINTIN AND THE FLUTE OF THE WENDIGO



CONLAN

Paris, 1936





Ah, the morning paper!



Good morning, Tintin!

Good morning captain!



Any news?

Just a letter for you.



Hmmm

Something of interest?



Here, have a look for yourself.



"Dear Mr. Tintin, my name is Tim O' Riley. Several days ago my father passed away under mysterious circumstances..."



...I have read about you in the paper and ask that you come to Paris to help me...



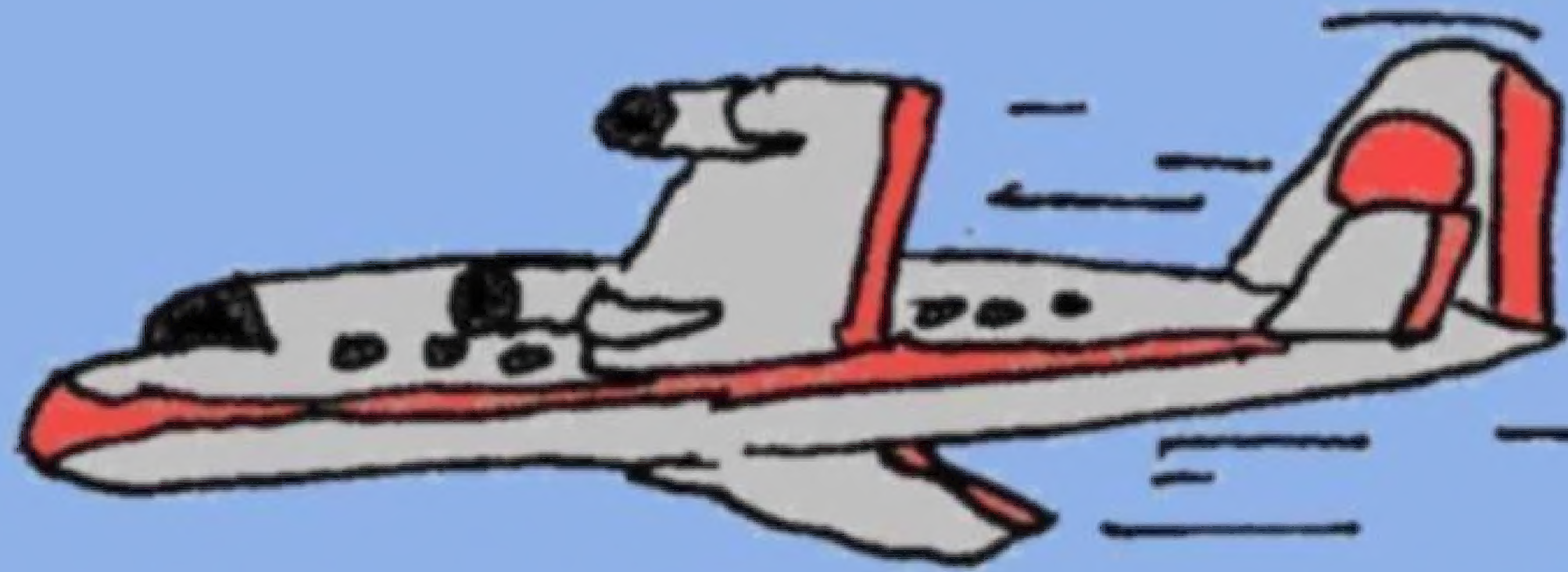
...arrangements have been made at the Regent Garden Hotel if you wish to come. Signed Tim O'Riley." Well, what do you make of it?



I'm off to Paris.



The Next Day...



I still don't see how you can decide to go to Paris just like that. I mean for all we know, that letter could be someones idea of a joke.

I do not doubt its authenticity captain.

Oh?

Here, look at this paper from a few days ago.

It says that the O'Riley family just disclosed the facts about the death of its head, Bryan O'Riley.

Yes, yes I can see that.

But the letter was postmarked before the date of the paper. So whoever sent that letter knew about the incident before the press.

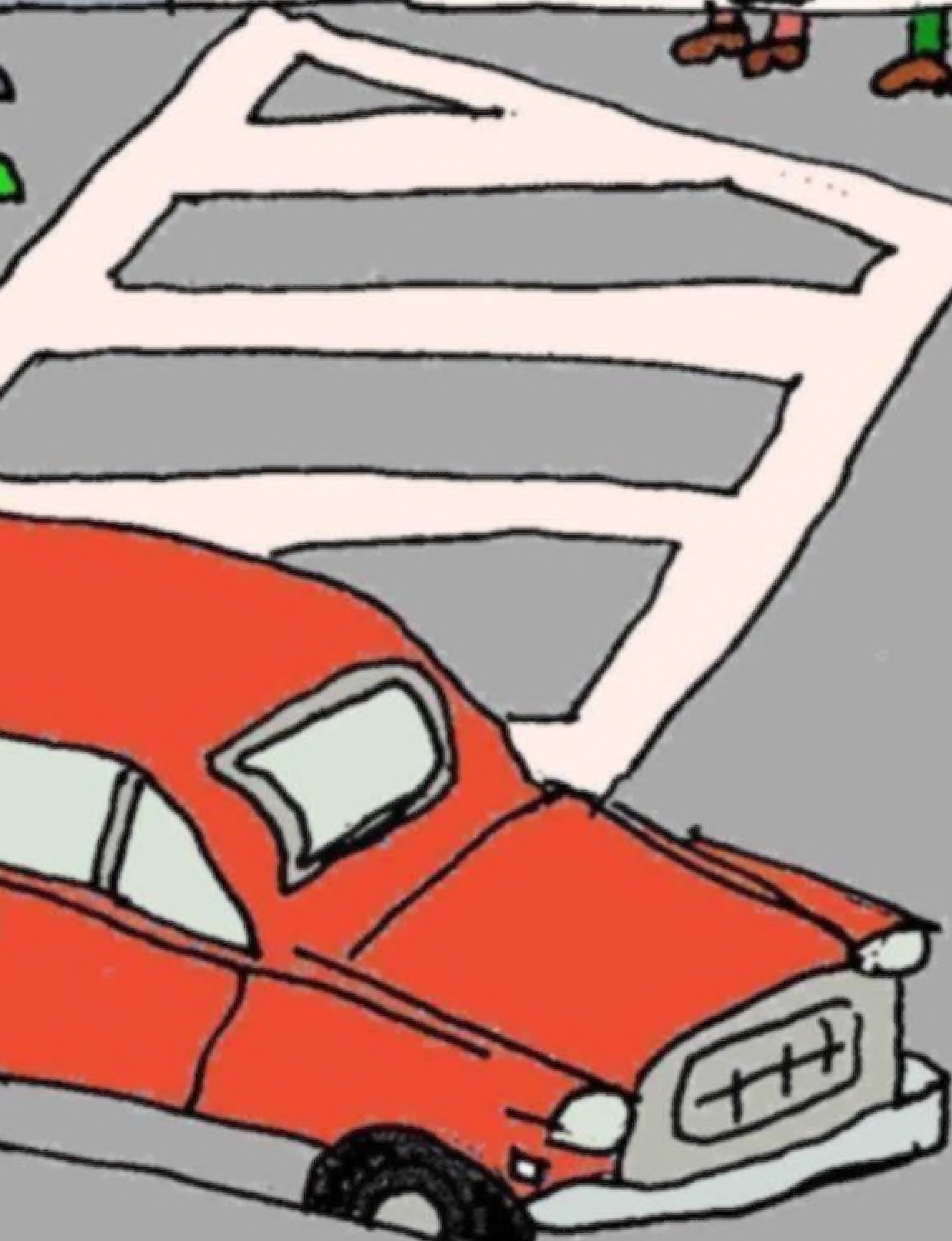
You're right!

Paris...

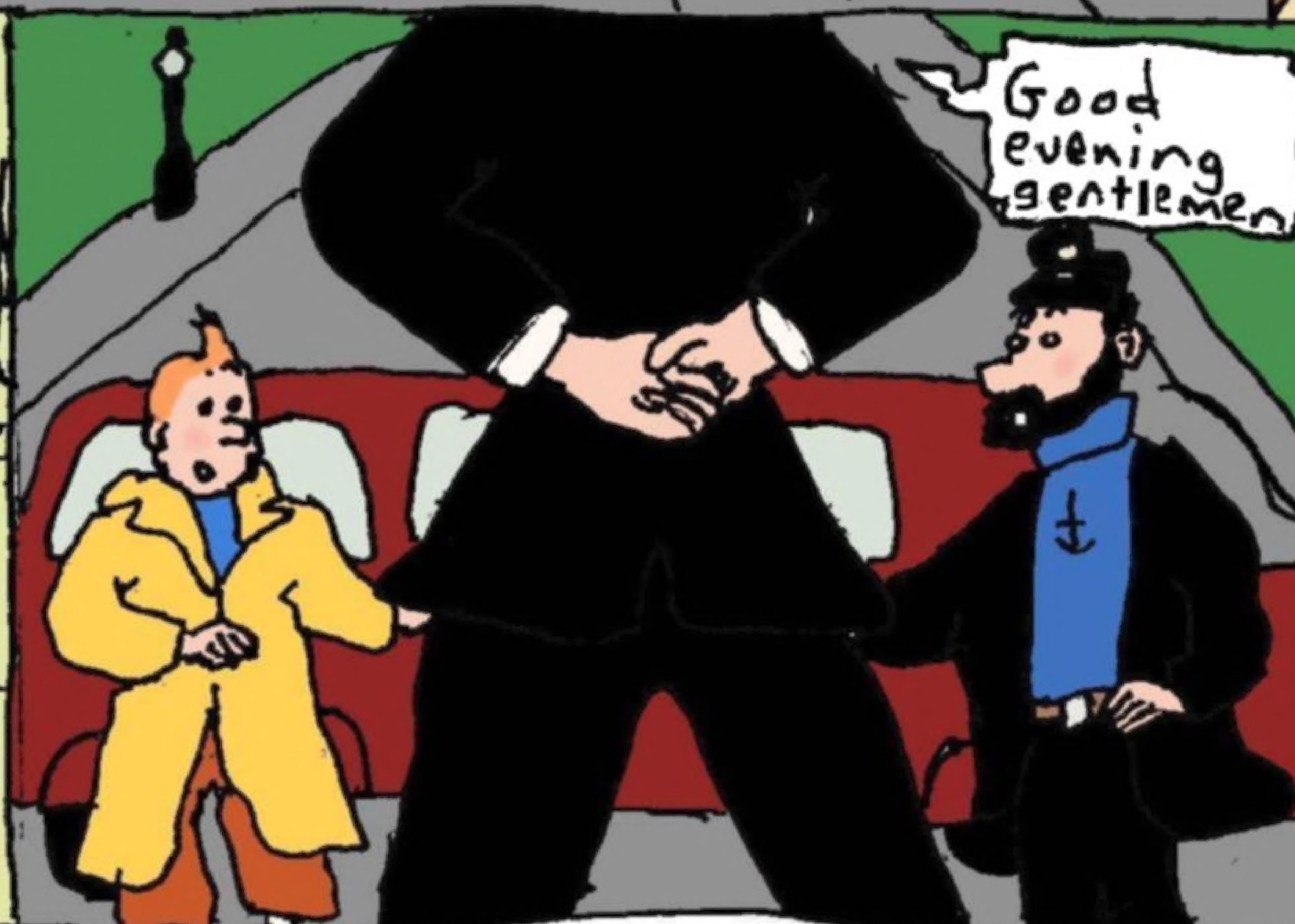
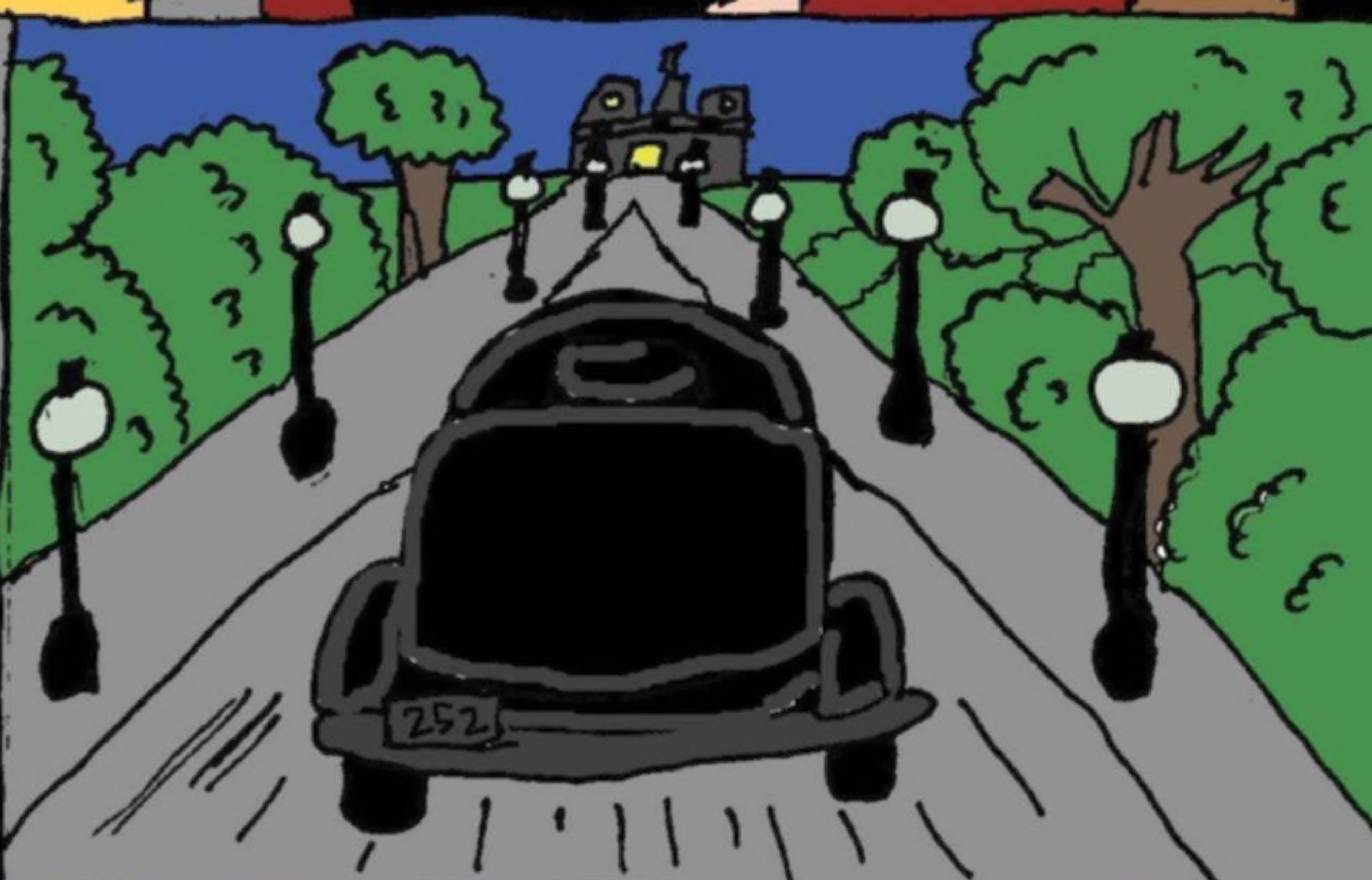


Ahhh... Paris! where to Tintin?

The Regent Garden I suppose.









Mr. Tintin, do please tell us of your recent adventure to the moon.



Most certainly!



It all started with blah blah



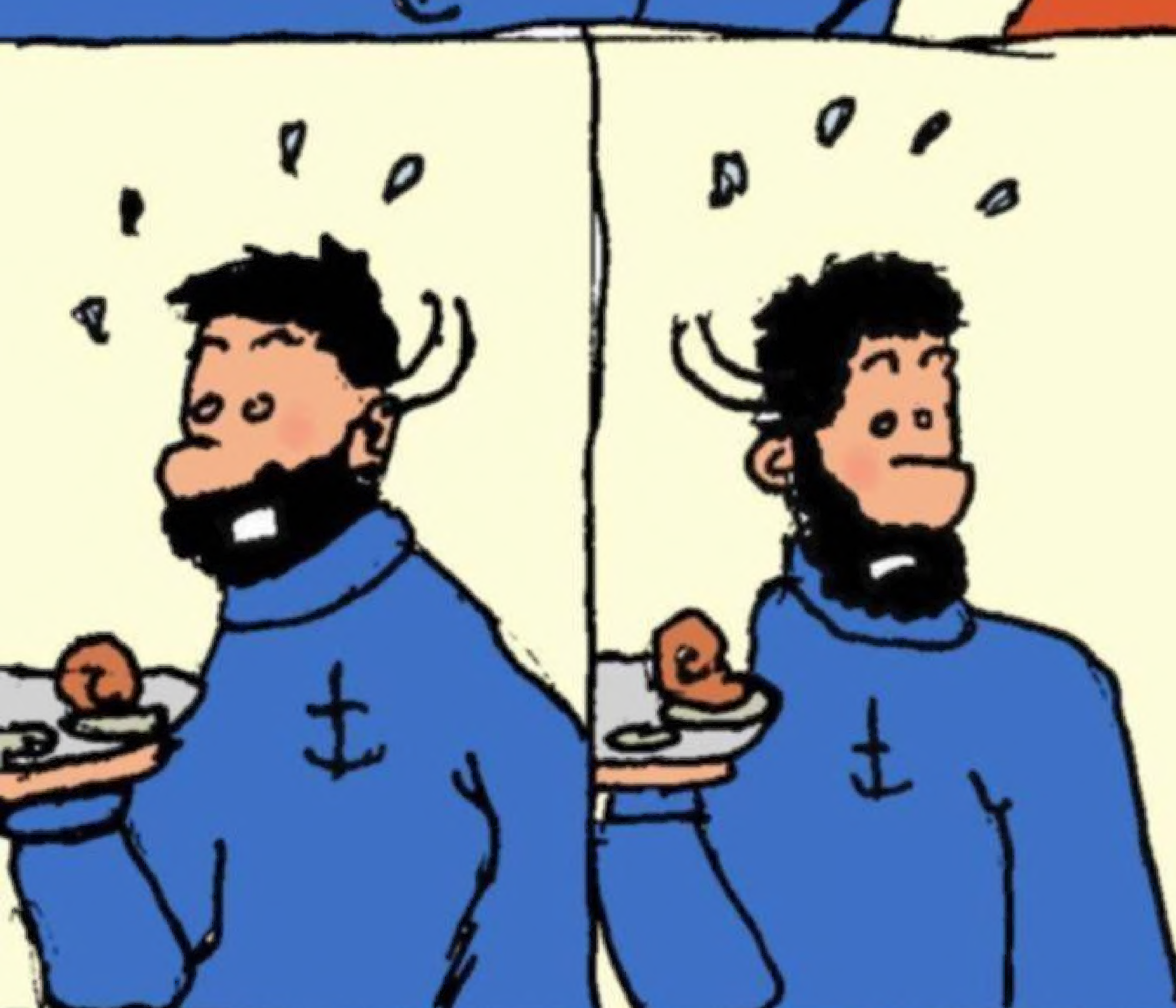
Blah Blah Thundering typhoons!! There's snails on my plate!



Blah Blah Have I drunk too much already?!

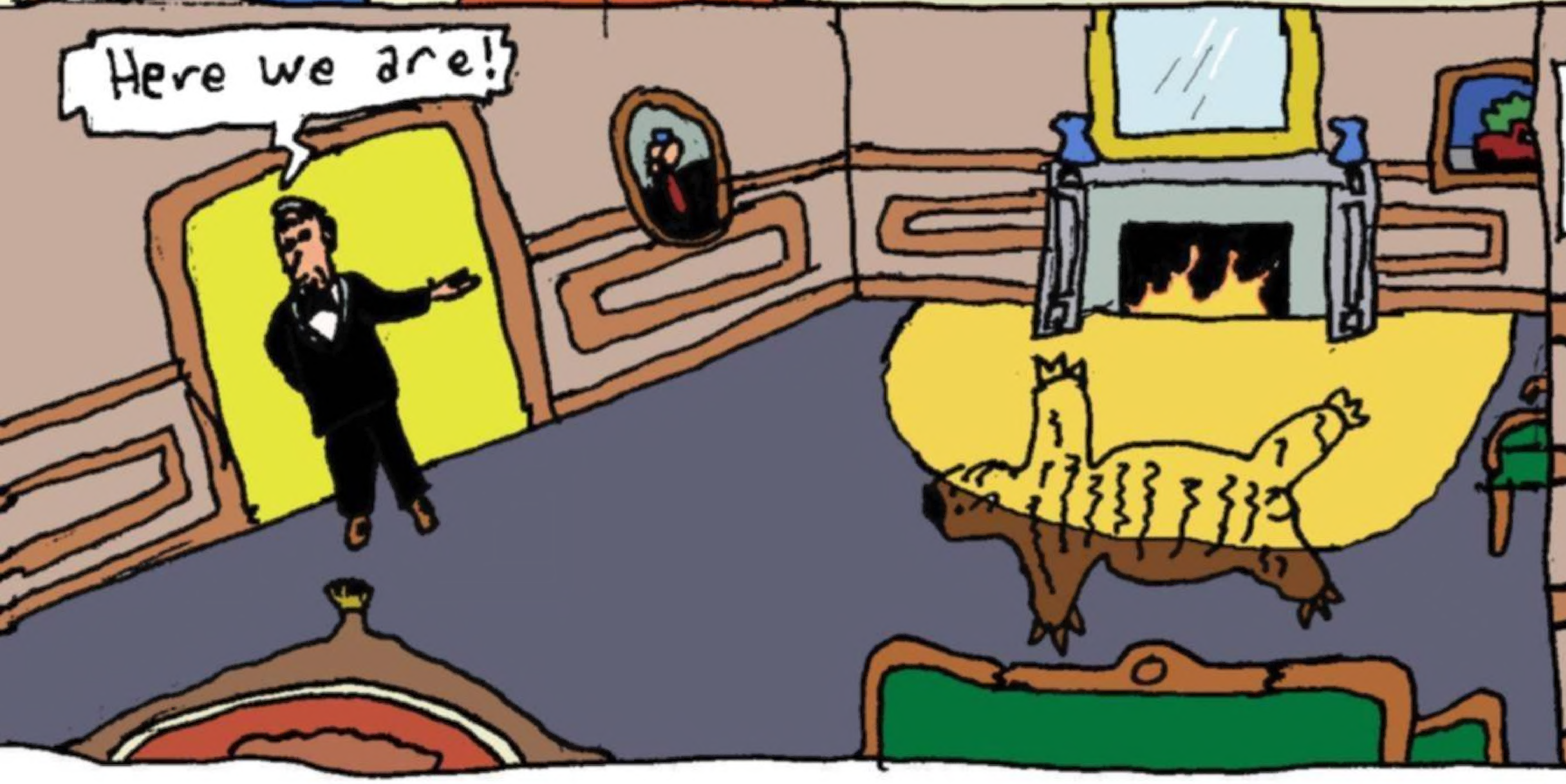


Blah Blah Blah...



...And that's how it happened.

That really is an extraordinary tale! Shall we move on to the drawing room?



Here we are!

Tintin, I'm sure you wish to know more about the details of my father's death.



I believe he was murdered.



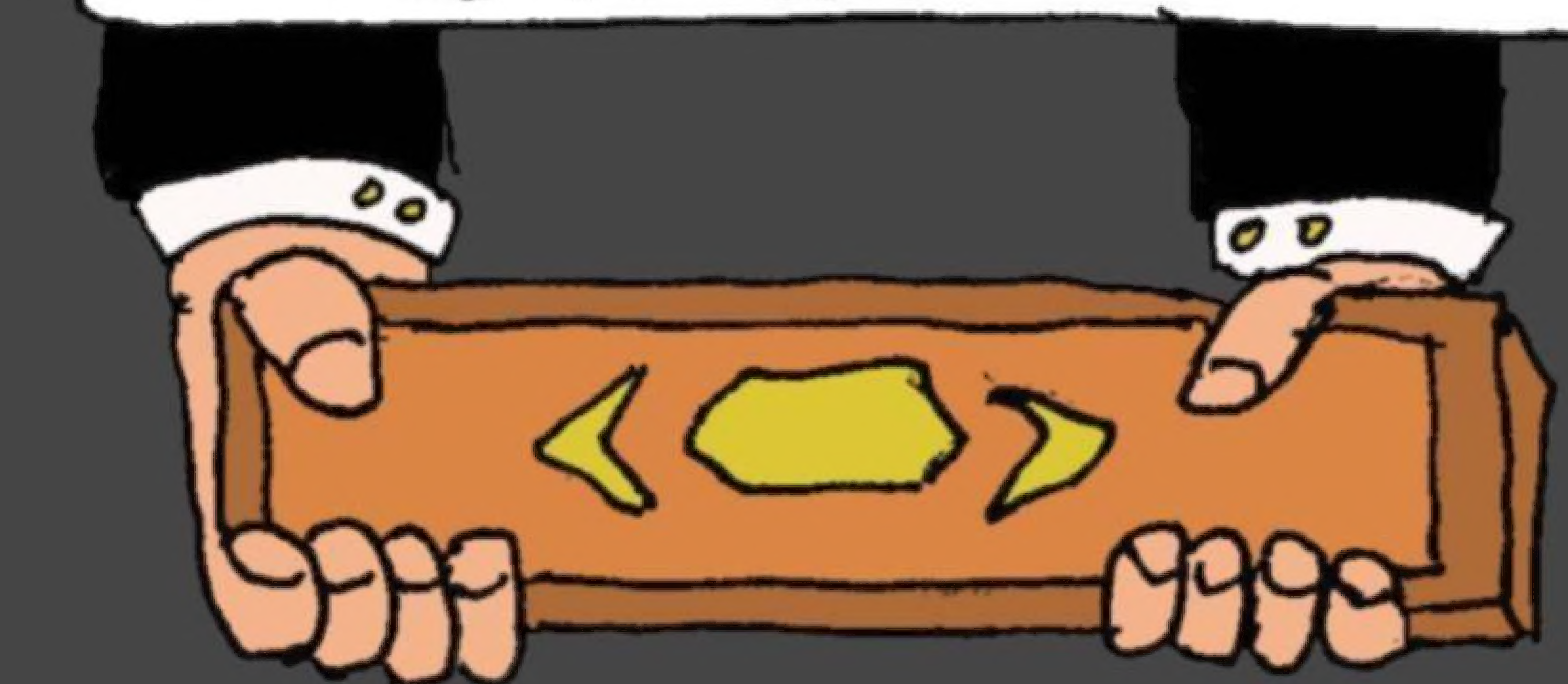
It's true he was very sick at the time, but he had a large bruise at the base of his neck.



The police believe he fell, or some sort of accident, which is why I asked you to come.



He was also carrying this at the time...



The flute of the wendigo. Considered priceless by many.



Its origin is unknown.

Err... what exactly is a wendigo?



I can answer that question, captain.



A wendigo is a mythical creature of the night.



It swoops down from the sky and sucks out your soul!



This flute is made from the bones of such a creature.



This makes the wendigo very angry.



Whoever owns this flute is in grave danger!



TUOOOOO



I tried warning his father of such dangers, but he did not listen.



And now I'm warning you, Mr. O'Riley. No good will come of this flute!

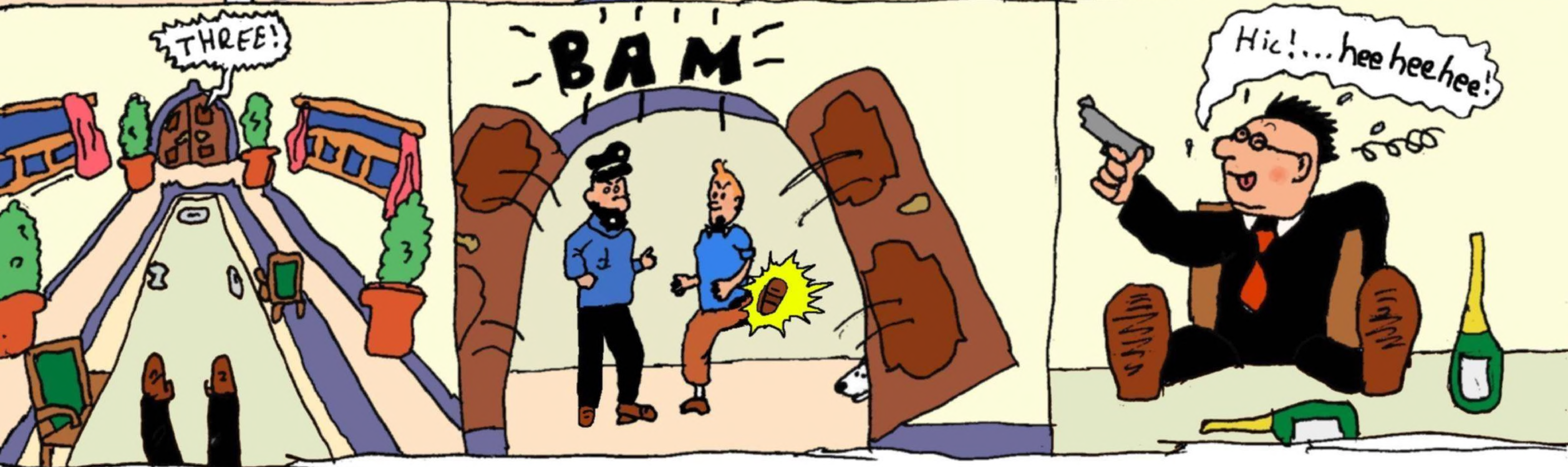


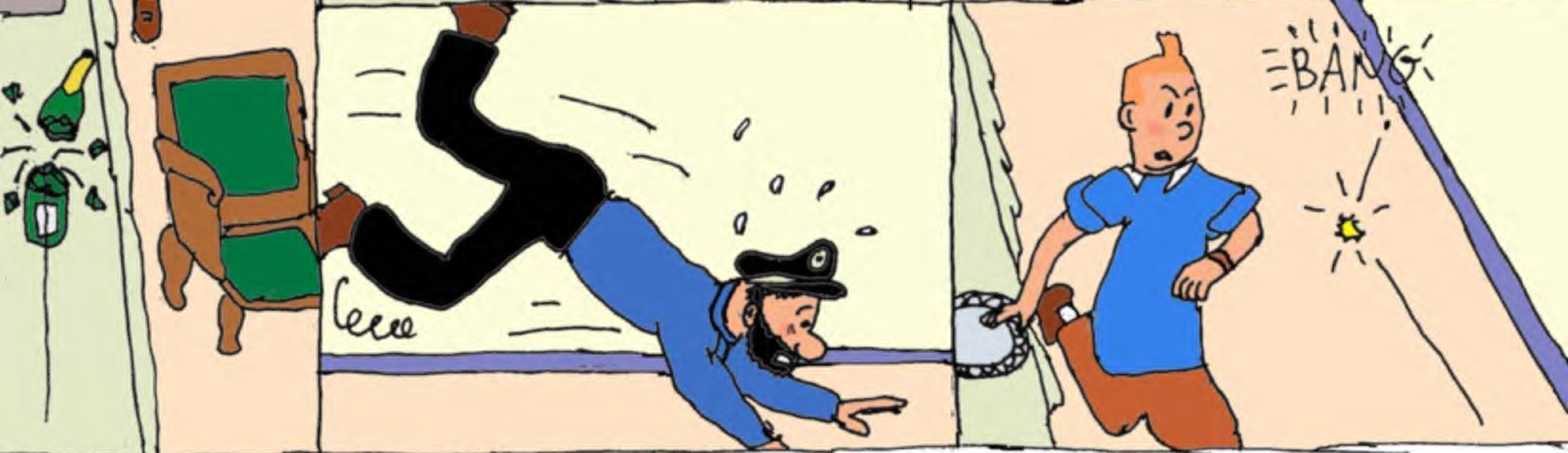
Cods wallop!

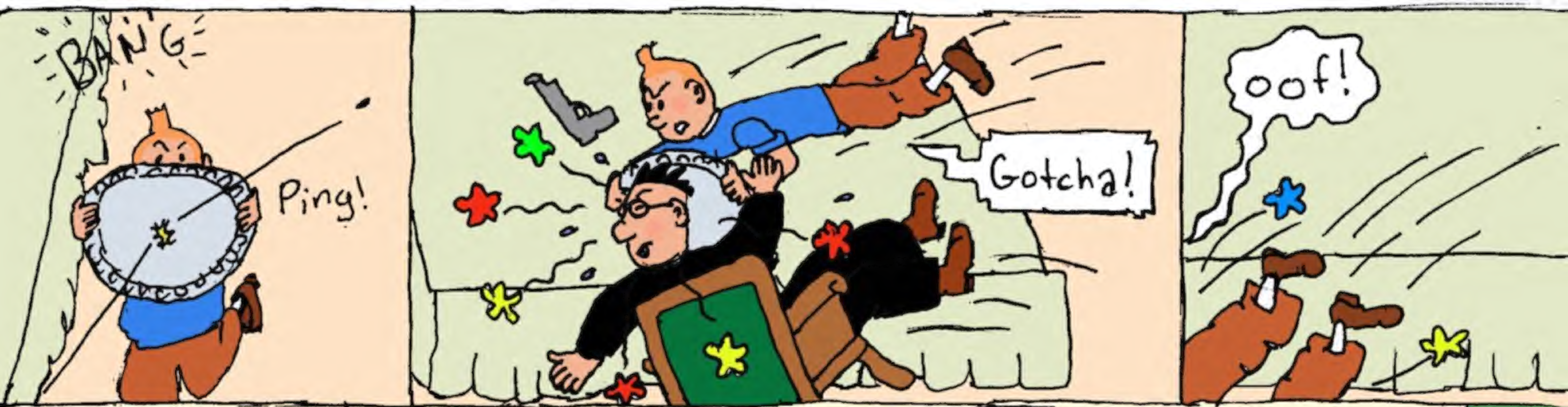


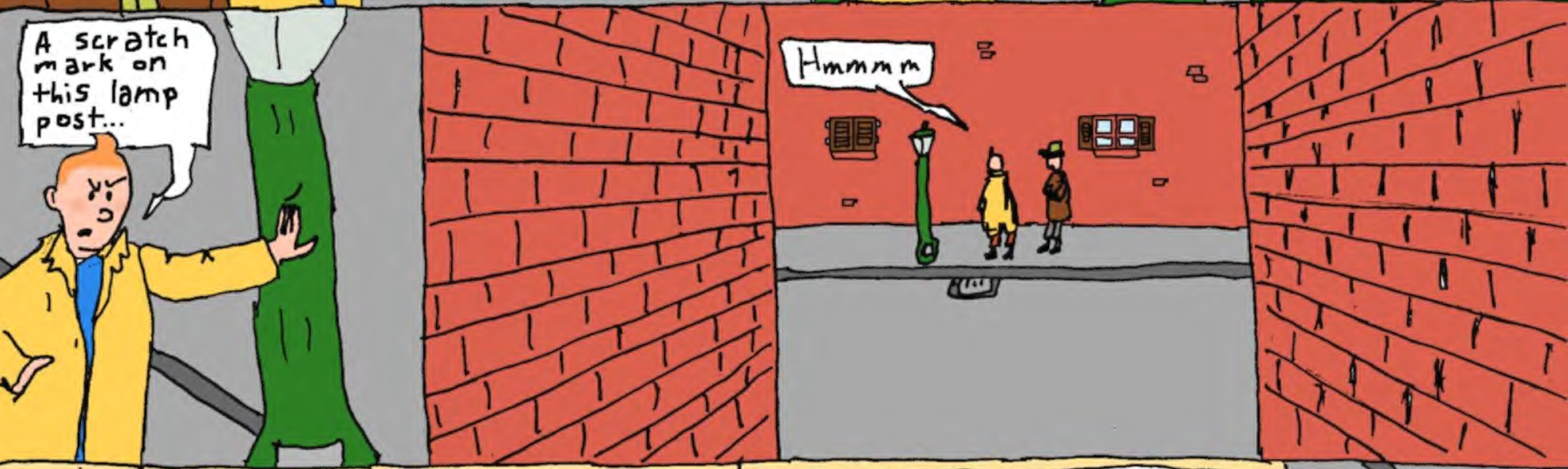
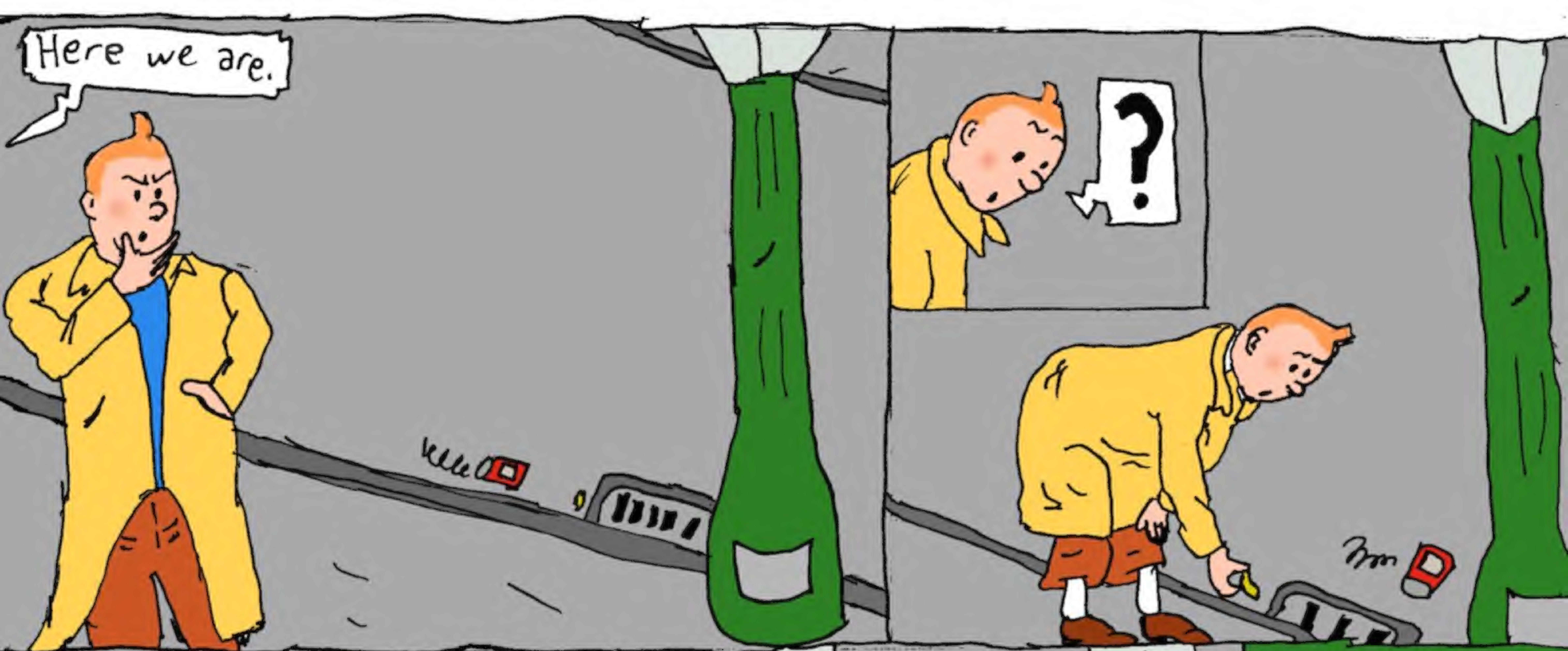
Yeah, you heard me.











Captain, I have something I wish to investigate. shall I meet you back at the hotel?

Ere as you wish.

That night after dinner...

so have you found out anything yet?

No, I'd need more information about the situation.

That's odd, it wasn't in it's usual resting place...

May I see the flute again?

of course, let me fetch it.

Great snakes gone! but-

err...

But how? who? No one knew where it was except me and-

Dennis

Sir! I see Dennis run through garden!





The next day...

I'm sorry Mr. O'Riley, but without any clues, footprints or motive, we can't



Poor Tim. Now he's lost his brother too



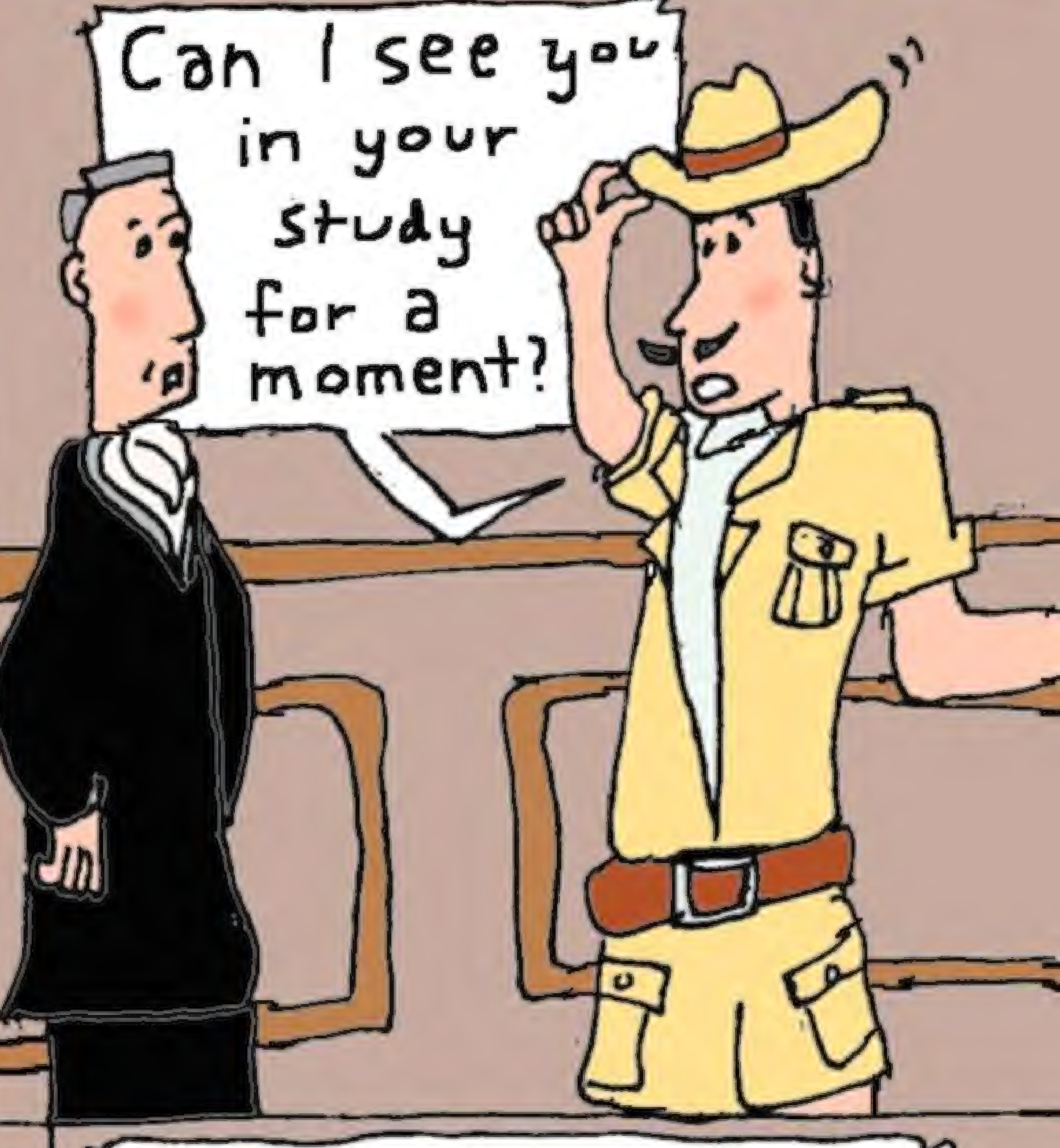
Terribly sorry for you Tim.



Dreadful thing to happen...



I'm... so sorry Tim.



Can I see you in your study for a moment?

A little later...



My friends, Safari Jack has offered to protect and guard the flute for me... This is an offer I've...



...happily accepted.



I see no point in lending the flute to that aussie coelcanth!

You don't like Safari Jack?



You do?

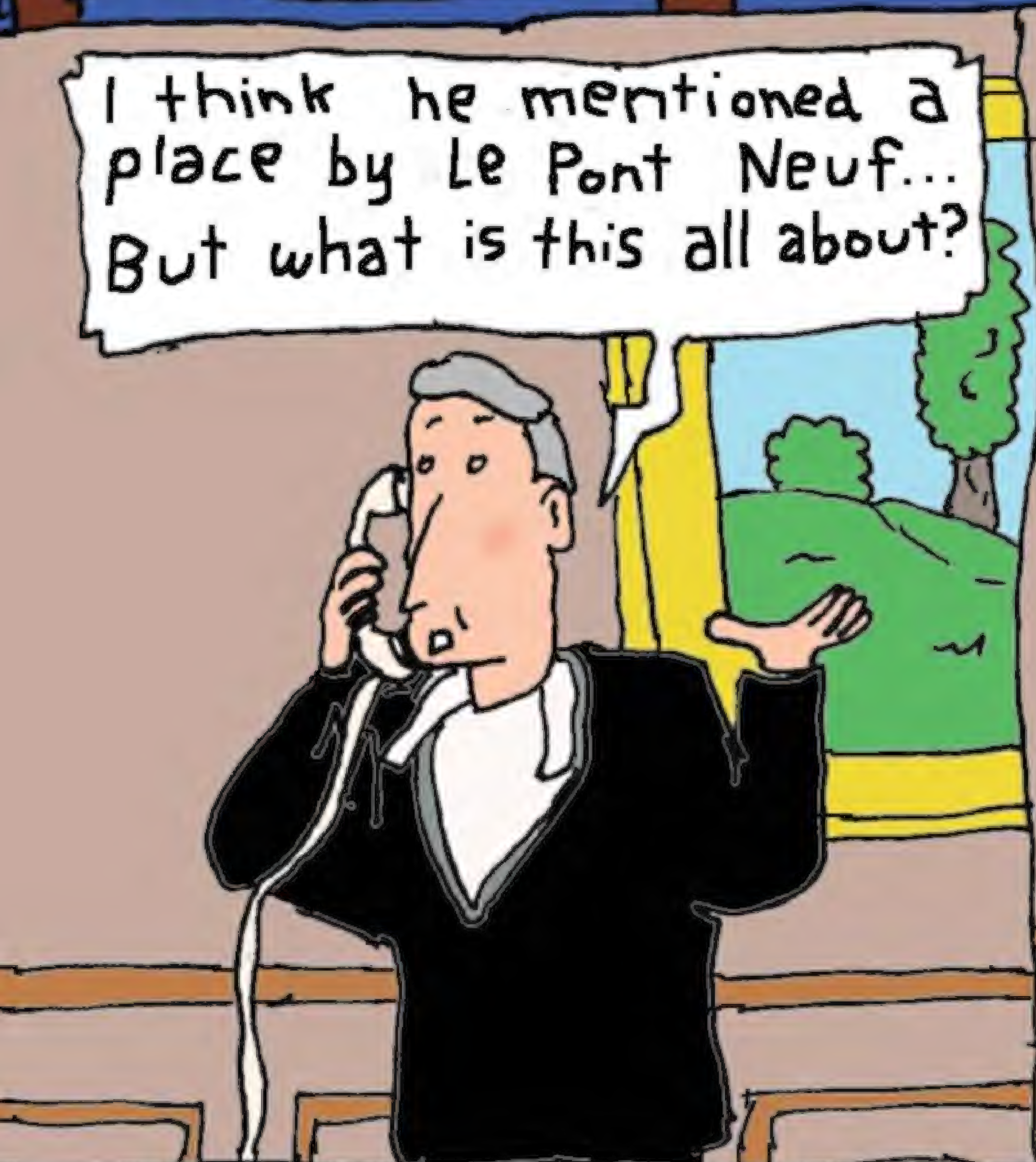
He's not the one I'm worried about...



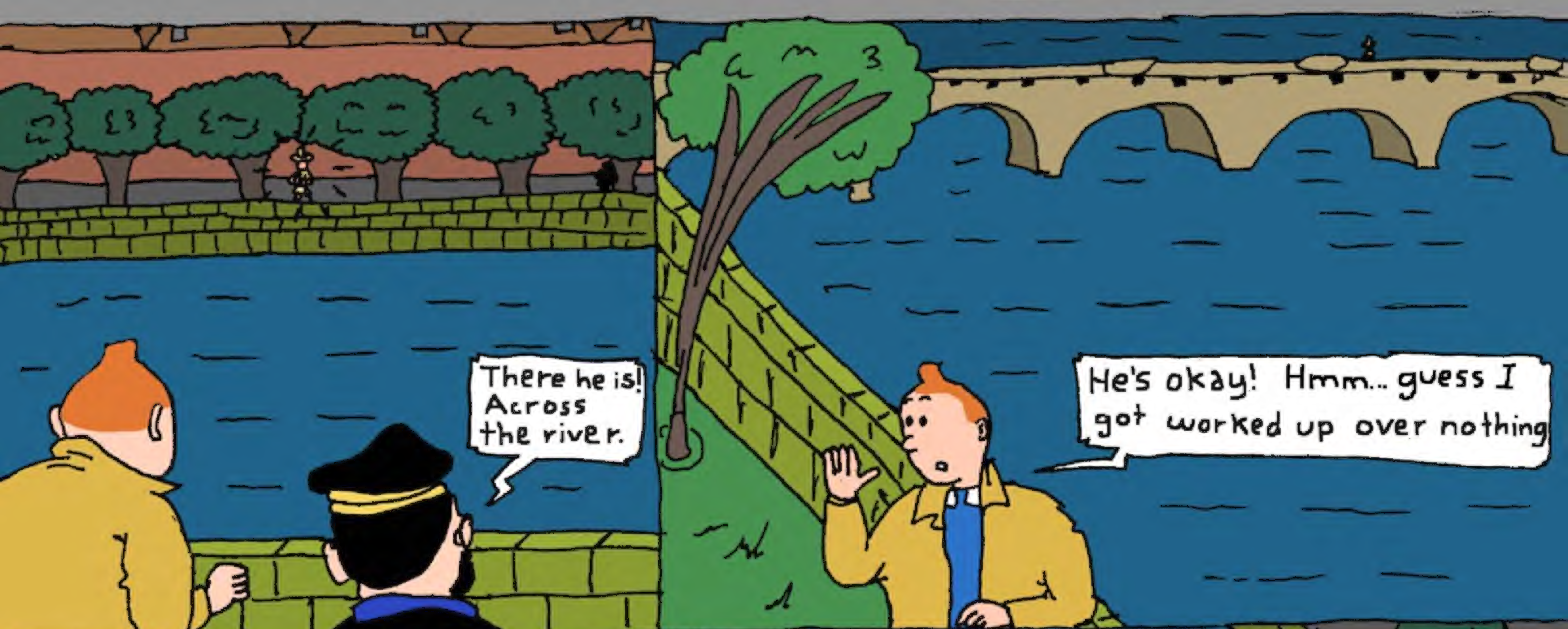
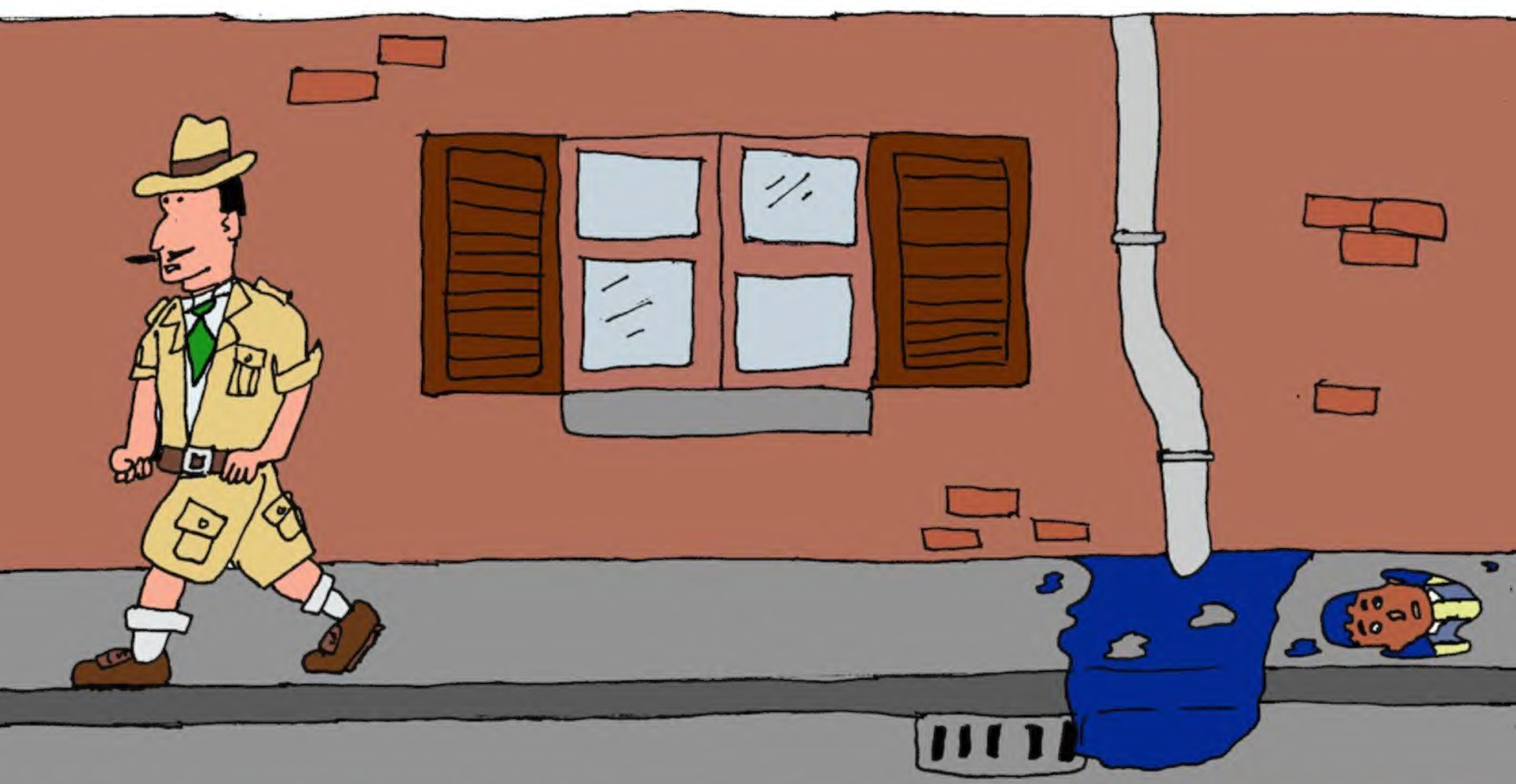
I know this comes at a bad time but I must return to the university. Urgent business...



He said something about having dinner
with a friend here in Paris...

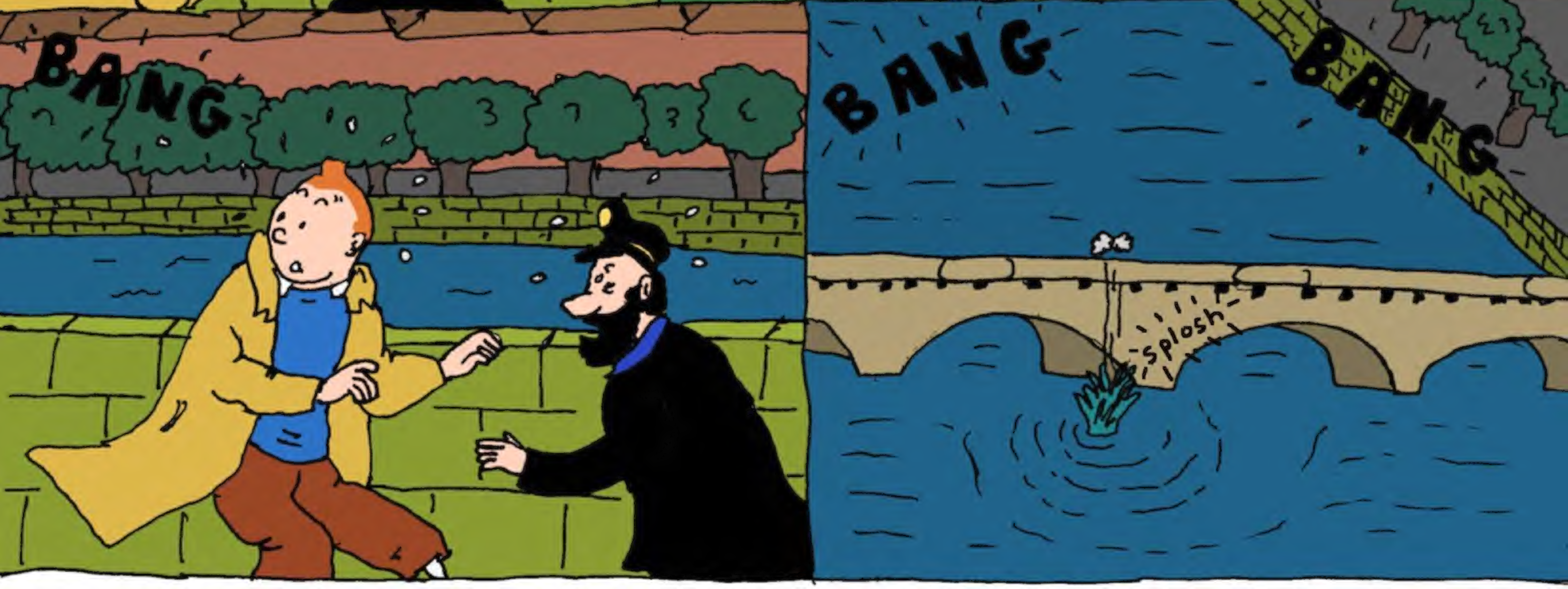






There he is!
Across
the river.

He's okay! Hmm... guess I
got worked up over nothing



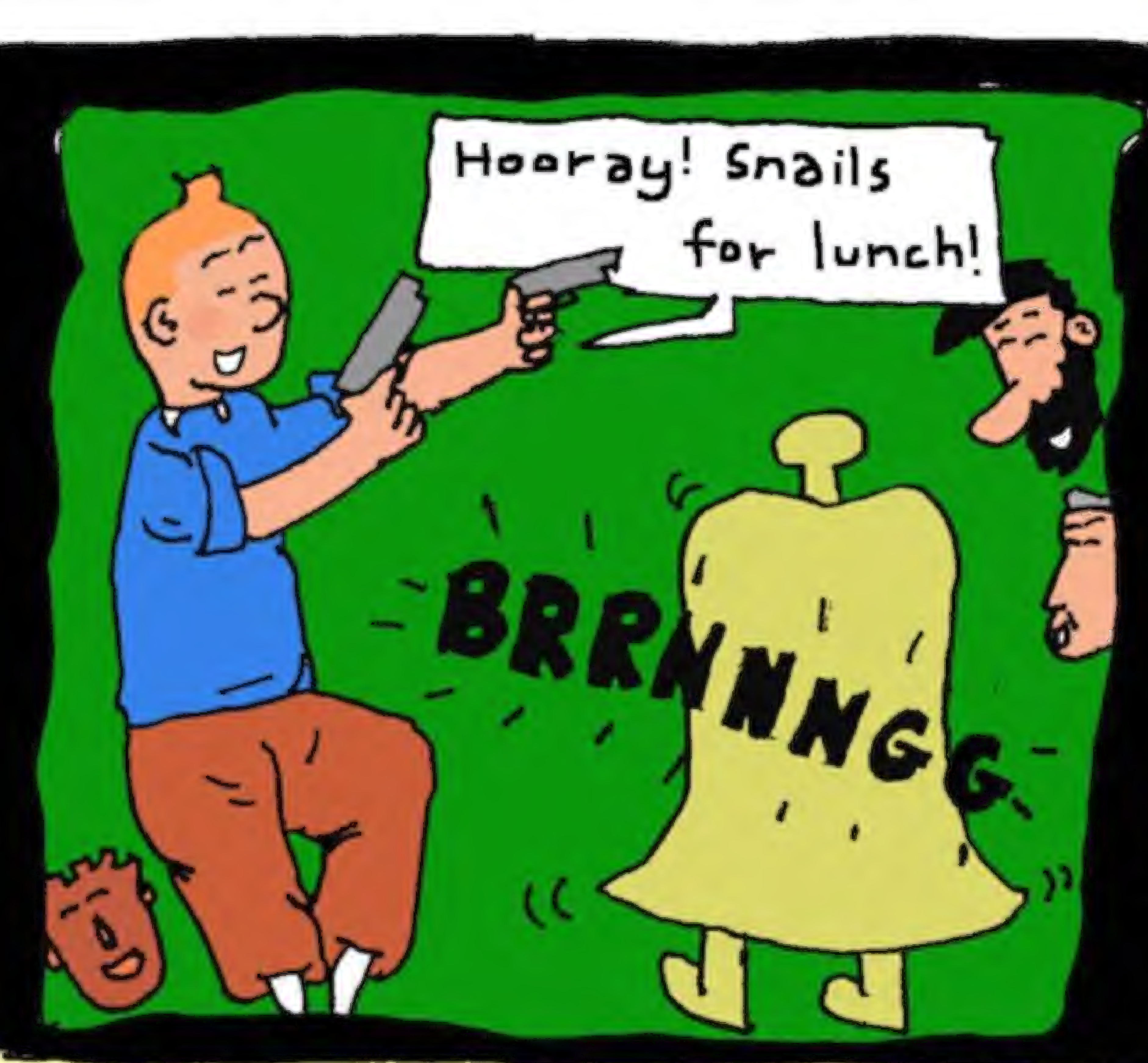
BANG

BANG

BANG

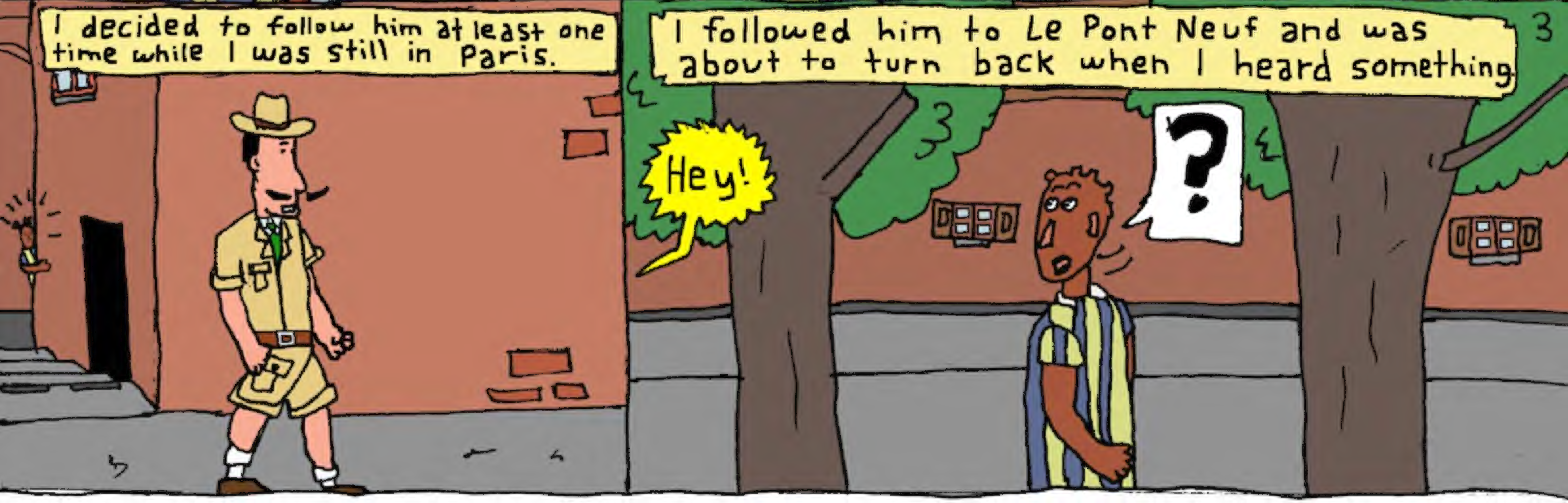
Splash





A little while later...



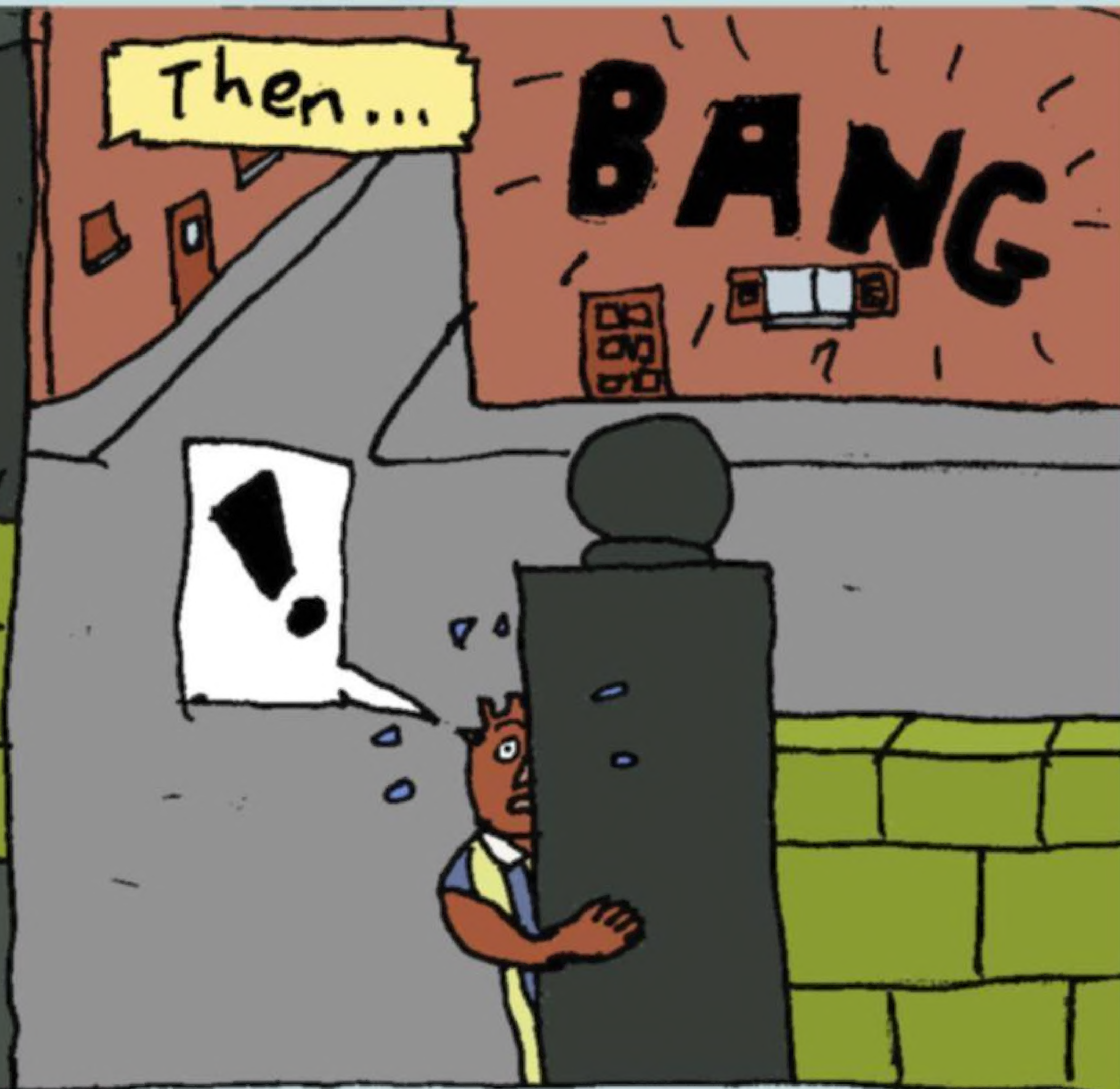


He was talking to someone. I couldn't see them though...



Then...

BANG



I was a bit frightened, so I ran.



I suppose someone saw me and reported my appearance, for when I went to the airport the next morning...



I was arrested.



Do you have anything to back your story? The telegram perhaps?



Alas no, I threw it away



Well?



I believe he's innocent but all the evidence points in the other direction

One question officer, where was the destination on on his ticket?



Err...he hadn't bought one yet.

Thank you.

Ugh. And it was such a beautiful day too...



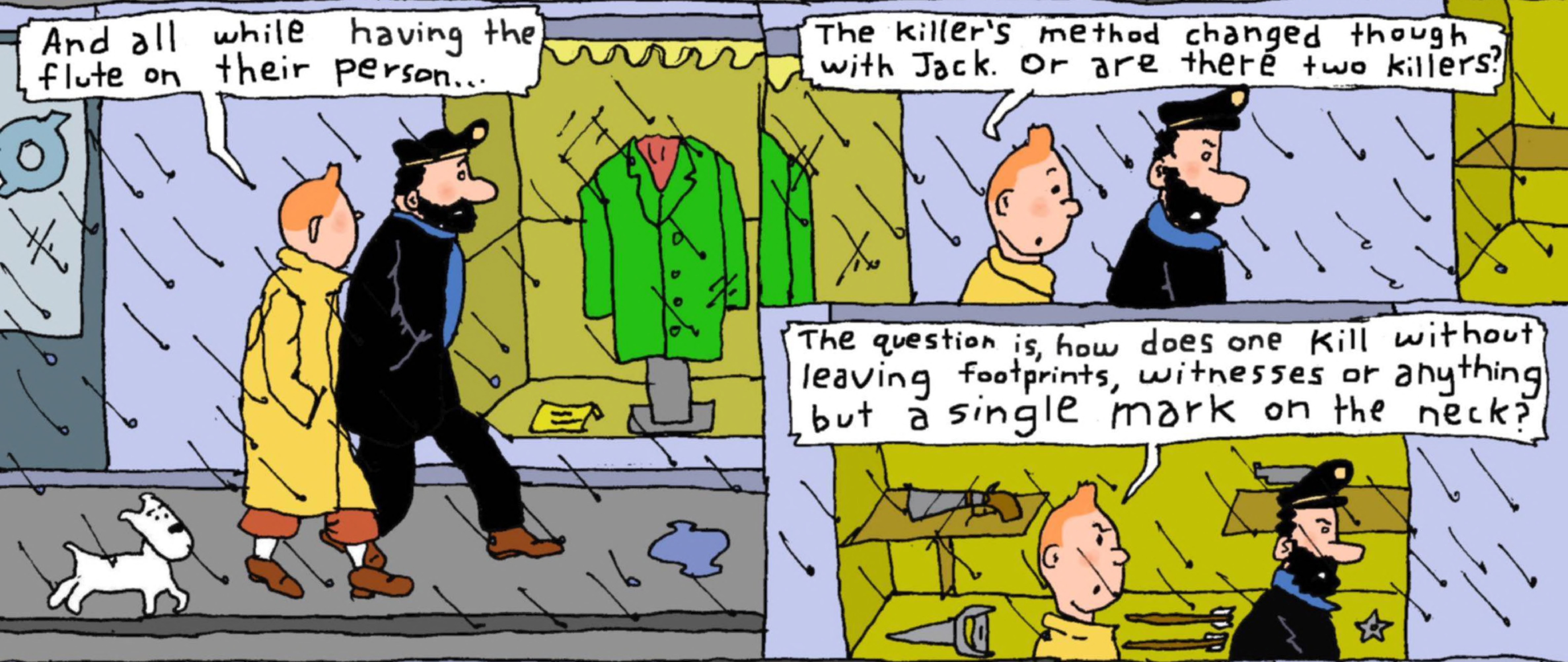


Let's review the case...

The leading member of the O'Riley family was found dead. No witnesses, nothing. Except for a piece of kenya wood...

His son is found murdered within two weeks, no footprints, nothing.

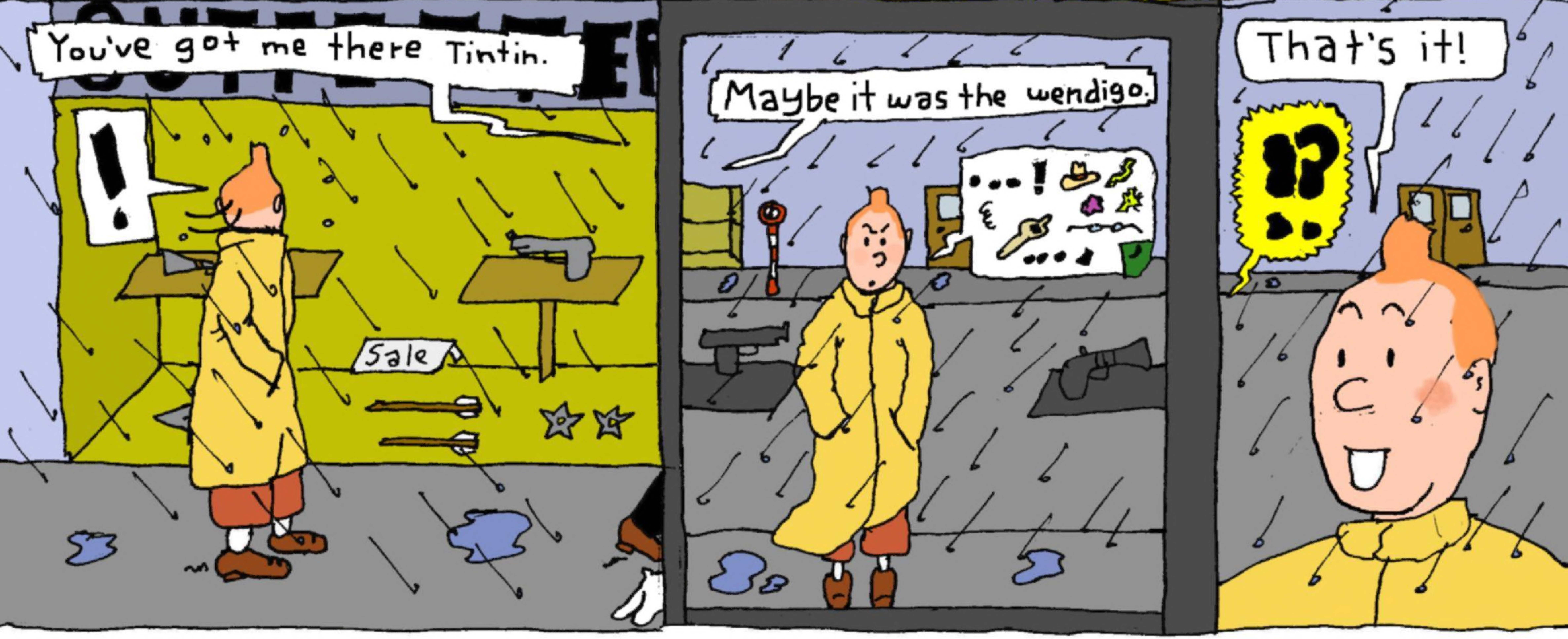
And then last night, Safari Jack disappears without a trace.



And all while having the flute on their person...

The killer's method changed though with Jack. Or are there two killers?

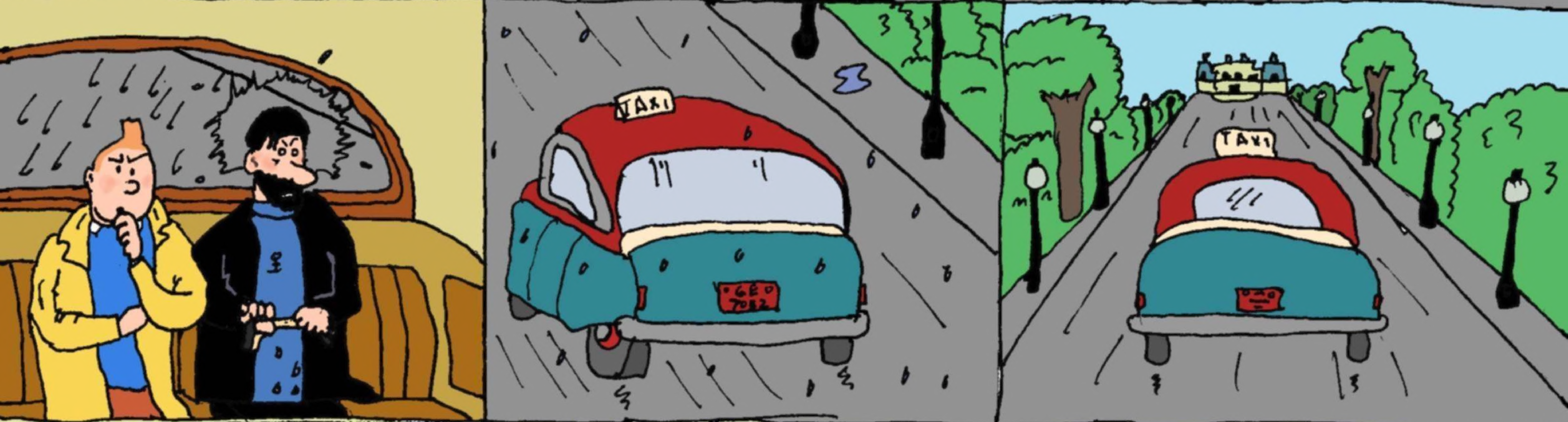
The question is, how does one kill without leaving footprints, witnesses or anything but a single mark on the neck?



You've got me there Tintin.

Maybe it was the wendigo.

That's it!





**What dangers await Tintin in the perilous Outback?
Find out when you read**

TINTIN IN AUSTRALIA